

THE CHRISTIAN SUN

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VOL XLIV.

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NUMBER 21

The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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Banner Fund.

I was pleased to see in the last issue of the SUN that the President of the E. V. C. Sunday School Convention called attention to the work of that Convention. I do not wish to trespass on ground assigned to others, but desire to review one feature of the work of this Convention. The idea of the Banner Fund was first presented at the session held at Spring Hill church in July 1, 1886. At that session the importance of sending out and sustaining a Sunday School mission was discussed and plans were adopted to that end. It was decided to have a Banner made to be awarded to the school sending in the largest sum per month for that special fund. January, April, July and October, were set apart as the time for taking collection. The Superintendents were to be furnished two weeks before the collection Sundays with blanks

printed on linen paper to be given such children as would canvass for the new fund. A committee was appointed to have the Banner made. During the year not a single blank for taking collection was sent out. At the next session of the Convention held at Betheny in July 1891 the Banner was presented and while no blanks had been sent out still Franklin sent up quite a nice little sum of \$10.52, and was awarded the Banner. In 1888 no Convention was held. The next session was held at Waverly in July, 1889. At that session the Banner Fund was considered and the idea of sending out a Sunday School missionary was abandoned and it was decided that the Banner should build a home at Elon College for aged and disabled ministers. This changed the object of the fund. At the next session held at Liberty Spring church in July, 1891. The home at Elon College was abandoned and again the object changed. This time the Convention decided to make the object of this fund, the supporting of a competent Sunday school missionary, and that fund collection be taken during the year for the purpose, but the time and moment of taking said collection be left to be arranged between the missionary and school. The matter was left in the hands of a committee to employ a missionary. The President's letter in the last SUN informs us that the committee has failed to get a suitable man. To my mind that means that there is no plan before the convention for raising money for this fund. During the first four years there has been paid into the treasury of the Convention by means of the Banner about \$10.55 and the cost of the Banner was \$15.59, leaving the treasury in debt so far as the fund is concerned \$4.80. Is that success? He who changes his object in life so often can't hope for success. The above is according to the record. It is given for the information of the Convention at large. The Convention I think is doing a grand and good work, but its Banner Fund at present is a failure. I regret the situation.

Very truly

M. W. BUTLER.

Recording Sec. of E. V. C. S. S. Convention.

Topics for Concert of Prayer for June.

1. That the Holy Spirit may attend in the preparation for, and in all of the exercises of Children's day; and that the hearts of the children and older people may be inspired to give liberally for the Home, or Children's Mission.
2. That our women, realizing that there

are in our own country thousands famishing for the bread of life, may become consecrated to the work of helping by organizing and sustaining local Woman's Home Missionary societies.

3. For God to bless all our Missionaries at home and abroad.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR MEETING.
Sing, "The Light of the world is Jesus."
Prayer.
Sing, "Work for the night is coming."

SCRIPTURE READING.
The basis of Missionary Work. John 3:16; Luke 2:10.
The need for Missionary Work forcibly expressed. Rom. 10:13—15.
The object. Luke 19:10; Acts 26:18.
Penalty for neglecting. Matt. 25:24—30.
How we may help. Matt. 9:38; ii Cor. 1:11.

The reward. Matt. 25:23.
Prayers, addresses, etc. Closing hymn.
EMILY K. BISHOP.

Mission Organizer.
127 Williams St., Dayton, O.

Elon College Campus.

Dr. BARRETT:—Since my last statement I have received the following.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| S. M. Holt, | \$1.00 |
| Lawrence, Williamson, | 1.00 |
| W. W. Mills, | 1.00 |
| Maj. S. E. Petty, | 1.00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. R. Williamson, | 2.00 |
| J. T. Moffitt, | 1.00 |
| Mrs. E. T. Pierce, | 1.00 |
| W. H. Burton, | 1.00 |
| Mrs. G. T. Rawls, | 1.00 |
| Mrs. E. A. Moffitt, | 1.00 |
| A. T. Whitsitt, | .50 |
| Mrs. Albert Graham, | 1.00 |
| C. G. Maynard, | 1.00 |
| Mrs. D. A. Long, | 1.00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones, | 2.00 |
| Mrs. J. W. Carlton, | 1.00 |
| A. E. Pierce, | 1.00 |
| J. A. Foster, | 1.00 |
| W. D. Pierce, | 1.00 |

I hope others will send in their donation at once as we need the money now.

Truly,
MRS. W. S. LONG.

May 25th, 1891.

Thanks.

BRO. BARRETT: Please tender my thanks to two friends in Norfolk for their offering sent me recently.

When I think how the blessed Lord gives me so many friends who sympathize with me in my afflictions, I feel like I can bear them better. I am so glad that Jesus loves me. I thank you for the kind attention you gave my last letter—it blessed me both temporally and spiritually. You do me good if you do not come to see me. I am glad you are improving.

Sincerely yours
K. THOMAS CRUMPLER.
Windsor Va.

The Christian Sun.

Miss Mary Anderson Retires from the Stage.

Miss Mary Anderson, who is a Louisville lady, has ever been regarded as one of the few pure women on the stage. She has been used as an argument against the preachers and others who condemn the theatre as evil in its influence and tendencies. It has been said: "If the theatre were so bad, would such a woman as Mary Anderson remain on the stage?" Of course the theatre as an institution might be very bad indeed, and yet there might be a few persons on the stage who were not corrupt. But now Miss Mary Anderson has permanently retired from the stage because she is convinced it is evil, and she declares that she will never attend a theatre again.

This is no instance of disappointed ambition, for Miss Anderson attained the highest distinction of any woman who has acted in the theatre of this generation. Sometimes people find out a thing is wrong when they try to do it and fail. Not so in this case.

Neither is it a case of decayed popularity. After men have worn themselves out, even though they have attained success along certain lines, they sometimes have conscientious scruples which never bothered them during their times of success. But Miss Anderson's popularity had suffered no diminution. Indeed the declaration of her conviction that the theatre was wrong was called forth by an attempt on the part of a manager to engage her for \$5,000 a week.

Here then is a pure woman who thought she could have an honorable career on the stage maintaining her uprightness and avoiding all wrong. She was influenced by no "Puritanical" ideas. She regarded the stage as a proper and an honorable profession and she achieved the highest success in it. Yet she finds after a thorough trial that it is all wrong, and she declares she will never act again, nor will she countenance acting by her presence.

If this does not convince those church members who have been inclined to apologize for the theatre, we do not know what sort of evidence would convince them.—*Western Recorder.*

The Man Who Believes.

Can you picture the independence of a man like that? What are my temptations to him? How he walks over them with feet that follow his far-seeing sight, like a man who strides with his firm steps and far-off sight and never sees the pebble in the path behind which a crawling insect is blocked and hindered. Sometimes, when one is travelling through a foreign country, it happens that he stops a day or two, a

week or two, in some small village, where everything is local, which has little communication with the outside world, where the people are born and grown up and grown old and die without thinking of leaving their little nest among the mountains. The travellers shares for a little while their local life, shuts himself in to their limitations. But all the while he is freer than they are; he is not tyrannized over by the small prescriptions and petty standards that are despots to them. He knows of and belongs to a larger world. He is kept free by the sense of the world beyond the mountains from which he came, and to which he is going back again. And so when a man, strong in the conviction of immortality, really counts himself a stranger and a pilgrim among the multitudes who know no home, no world but this then he is free among them; free from the worldly tyrannies that bind them; free from their temptations to be cowardly and mean. The wall of death, beyond which they never look, is to him only a mountain that can be crossed, from whose top he shall see eternity, where he belongs. This is the freedom of the best childhood and the best old age, these two ends of life in which the sense of immortality is reallest and most true.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The Church Militant.

What is the great mission of the church? Is it not to disciple the whole world to Christ? The salvation of souls is the commission that is given to the members of it. What are we doing individually in this direction is a very practical question. Perhaps in our meetings effort in this direction should be put forth. This is work that can be done only by individuals and rests upon each one, and it cannot be done by the church as an organization. How many have you been instrumental in leading to Christ?

The faithfulness of Sunday-school teachers is gratefully noticed. We hear of some who are doing in quiet ways for their scholars as they are laboring to bring them into the fold of Christ. After all it is such personal labor that is wanted. Class work must be too general and cannot touch the heart as individual work on the part of the teacher. What are you doing for scholars individually?

Let us make especially as the end of our work the salvation of souls. Let every Sunday-school teacher do this. Personal work is what is needed and every member of the church ought to be earnest in this direction. Are you praying for the conversion of souls every day and are you doing anything to answer your own prayers through the grace of God? Are any of us failing in this regard? If so we are guilty of sin.

Let us all try to subordinate our social life to the spirit of the golden rule and look down on no one as beneath us. We are members one of another and are called to give ourselves to the need and call of all, so far as we are governed by the spirit of our Lord who called or esteemed no one or thing common.—*Hammond St. Church Chronicle, Bangor, Me.*

Our Courts vs. Liquor Traffic.

The courts of our land are waking up. The Supreme Court is as strong in its prohibition utterances as the most rabid prohibitionist could desire.

Judge Brooke, of Norfolk, speaking to the liquor dealers says: "Gentlemen, the time has come when so far as I am concerned you shall observe the law."

Judge Barrett, of Southampton county, has refused to license every bar room in the county except two and would have refused these, we understand, if there had been protestants. Southampton has been noted for its liquor made widows.

Judge Shelor, of Patrick, has refused license at Stuart.

Judge Cole, of Pittsylvania, delivered strong utterances about the curse of crime and death by the saloon, and has refused license to every one whose bar was within two miles of a railroad.

Judge Whittle, of the fourth judicial circuit, has substantially confirmed Judge Cole's decision.

Judge Brooke has also refused to grant any license to dealers in Atlantic City.

Judge Buford says: "The law requires a suitable place to sell liquor. I never saw either." As a consequence, Brunswick is dry but happy.

There are more cases doubtless which have not come to our ears, but we rejoice to know that our Judges are waking up and that some of them are doing their duty so nobly.—*Anti-Eliquor.*

A fact of great significance was recently brought to our attention. At a revival meeting the pastor asked all who were converted over fifty years of age, to stand up in the congregation. Probably one arose. He next asked those to rise who had been converted when past forty years of age. Two or three arose. Then those who had been converted between the age of twenty-five and forty. About fifteen arose. Then finally he asked those to rise who were converted under twenty years of age. Two thirds of the Christians present arose. This fact deserves attention. As a man advances in life, it seems that the probabilities of his salvation diminish. He becomes more indifferent to the interests of his soul simply because his heart has been gradually hardened by sin and temptation. Can you not see the wisdom of God in the exhortation, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"?—*Central.*

Cheerfulness.

BY REV. JAMES MAPLE, D. D.

They were all of good cheer.—Acts.27:36.

Paul was a prisoner on board a ship on his way to Rome. When not far from the Island Crete, they encountered a tremendous storm, and the ship was completely at the mercy of the winds and waves. They were compelled to "let her drive." Notwithstanding their situation "they were all cheerful."

Cheerfulness is a gentle joyousness that glows and radiates. It is the natural expression of the feelings when in a state of happiness. It is seen in the expression of the eye, heard in the tones of the voice, and read in the smile that lights up the face.

Cheerfulness is not the tumultuous part of joy, but a quiet glow or steady thing, a shining light—not a flash. The saints in Heaven are represented as wearing white robes. Cheerfulness is the white robe that we ought always to wear in this life. It is not a garment to be put on for special occasions. Princes and kings have royal robes that they wear on great occasions. They are not worn every day. Thus many put on cheerfulness for special times and places. They do not wear it as a garment every day. There are different kinds of cheerfulness.

There is the cheerfulness of conscience. This arises from a conscious conformity of the will, desires, purposes and life to the divine rule of right; from a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Such is our nature that as long as we know that we are doing wrong conscience pours upon us.

"Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds,
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets."

When there is a consciousness of sin against God or man, there can be no such thing as a cheerful conscience. When the thoughts are troublesome companions, when we cannot endure loneliness, tremble to look into our hearts, dread to call up the past, and fear to confront our own actions, we cannot have a cheerful conscience. Men try to forget the past, to escape themselves, and thus avoid the consequences of their sins; but they might as well expect to lay hold on the chariot wheels of the king of storms and stay his destructive march. "Our other self" follows us like our shadows. We may wrap ourselves up in impenetrable secrecy from the gaze of the world; but there is a power that will reveal what is in us to ourselves. Stowed away in our garrets and lumber rooms, are old pictures covered with dust and cob-webs. Sometimes officious servants bring them out, brush off the dust, and hang them up for us to look at. Thus there are pictures of past scenes and events laid away

in the chamber of memory. They are covered with the dust of years, and partially hid from our view. We would gladly leave them there, but conscience brushes off the dust and hangs them up for us to look at. Some of these pictures are fearful to behold, and we can see them even in the dark. There is, however, a cheerful conscience. In this state we can look at the past with joy, and into the future with bright hope, we can sing with the poet:

"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

How few of us enjoy this cheerfulness of conscience. The neglected closet, the forsaken family altar, the memory of the harsh word, the unkind action banish the angel of peace from the mind. When we have sinned cheerfulness of conscience can only be restored through the pardoning mercy of God as revealed in Christ.

There is a cheerfulness of faith. In this state of mind faith beholds God seated upon the throne of the universe, governing and directing all its mighty interests. It sees God in everything and makes him present at all times. How calm Paul was in the midst of the raging storm. The heavens gathered blackness, the lightnings leaped from the angry depths of darkness, the winds swept the angry waters up into rolling waves, and the ship was going to pieces around him, but he was undisturbed by the appalling scene. Not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast. Faith saw the kind hand of Jehovah guiding the storm, and directing his destiny. While despair had seized upon every mind, and the hardy sailor, the iron nerved roman soldier, stood aghast before the fearful scene, he remained as calm as the infant resting on its mother's bosom. To the trembling and terrified soldiers he said: "Be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." Such is the cheerfulness of faith. Want of faith in God's willingness to pardon sins destroys all cheerfulness of mind, and thousands are in trouble on this account, but the faith that takes hold of His promises, and makes them a reality inspires the soul with cheerfulness and joy.

On board a ship in the midst of a terrible storm, all were fearful and greatly excited save the captain's little son, who was cheerful and unalarmed. Some one asked him if he was afraid. He looked up astonished at the question, and answered, "Father commands the ship." This fact banished all fear from his mind. Such is the faith of the Christian in God.

There is the cheerfulness of hope. Hope grows out of faith in the promises of God, and is "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast."

Unwavering hope brings cheerfulness to

the mind. How cheerful the hope of Paul in the midst of that fearful storm. The bright face of the sun was hid from them, and the stars cheered not the gloom of night. For fourteen days they were tempest tossed on the rolling billows of the stormy sea, but there was one soul on board that doomed ship illuminated by the cheerful light of hope. His hope failed not. He was of good cheer.

Hope imparts cheerfulness to the soul in the darkest hour. How holy and divine the light it sheds around our pathway in life, and how sweet the spirit it awakens in the soul of the mother weeping over the grave of the lost child. It inspires the mind with a spirit of cheerful submission to the divine will.

The Christian hope born of faith in the promises of God is the only thing that can bring cheerfulness to the soul in the hour of sorrow, but this is an unfailing fountain of cheerfulness. Thousands have realized from a blessed experience the power of Christianity to inspire the soul with a spirit of cheerfulness even in the midst of the most painful sufferings.

During the reign of Dioclesian there lived in Rome an eminent Christian woman Anastasia. She was the wife of a wealthy Roman knight, who, when he learned that she was a Christian he treated her with great cruelty. He confined her and deprived her of the necessities of life. He died in a few years, and Anastasia devoted her time to works of charity, and the study of the Bible. But with three of her female servants she was arrested as a Christian, and commanded to sacrifice to idols; but they refused to do it. Her three sisters were murdered on the spot, and she was banished to the island of Palmira, but soon afterwards brought back to Rome and buried alive. Through all these terrible scenes she remained cheerful and rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God.

There is the cheerfulness of love. Love to God and man sheds a cheerful spirit over heart and life. Love illuminates everything with a cheerful light, and reveals them in a new character. Darkness clothes everything in garments of gloom, but the light of the sun puts a cheerful face on everything. They look different to us. Then a bitter gloomy spirit clouds the face of the smiling universe, and we see enemies in our best friends; but love clothes everything in a holy radiance, and makes all nature smile in beauty.

Love delivers from all fear. (1 John 4:16—18.) The man who does not love God is tormented with fear of Him. Living in disobedience to Him, he is conscious that he deserves his displeasure. Hence he can only be cheerful while he is able to banish God from his mind.

Cheerfulness is a Christian duty. Christians ought to be happy all the time. If it is a duty, it is a state within our power; or

otherwise it would not be urged upon us. It is as much a duty as humanity, prayerfulness, and cultivation of a spirit of love. We are not exhorted to be a certain height, or weight, for duty has nothing to do with these things.

There is a difference in the constitution of different persons, but all can be cheerful. Cheerfulness does not come of itself. It must be cultivated by a wide circumspection, by forethought and reflection. It must not be left to chance.

The ladies use cosmetics to beautify the face. We should all use moral cosmetics. The best cosmetic in the world is a cheerful spirit. Nothing makes one so beautiful as this.

The business man may be depressed, and disheartened. He may be cast down, and his mind surrounded in gloom; but when his interest require it he can arouse himself, and be cheerful and smiling as though he was made of flowers. I have seen persons who were angry and all in a rage crush down their angry feelings in a moment, and become as cheerful and bland as a May morning, at the approach of one to whom they wished to appear agreeable. Our feelings are under control of our will if we choose to exert it.

Cheerfulness is expressly commanded in the scriptures. *Gala. 5: 22, 23.* Paul says: "Rejoice in the Lord always." Then as if wishing to say something more expressive, and not able to think of anything better, he adds: "And again I say rejoice."

When are we commanded to rejoice? When our digestion is good; when our children are all well; when we can meet all our obligations; when all men treat us well; No, we are to rejoice always.

The mind of God is affected by our disposition. What makes us agreeable to each other makes us agreeable to Him. He is not only the greatest but he is the most sensitive of beings. He is more sensitive than all others put together. We may please God by spending an hour in our closet, or not; it depends upon the spirit we exhibit there.

It is not the gloomy side that pleases God. He does not love sadness and gloom. These things are antagonistical to true religion.

The true nature and effects of religion can only be exhibited to the world by cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is the mood in which we can influence others. A good, natural man with a cheerful spirit can go into a den of wild beasts—among men when they are mad.

Some reformers are always being mobbed. They are filled with indignation against sin, and denounce it in harsh terms. They are constantly showing their teeth. This begets a similar spirit of indignation against them. Like begets like.

If you have a savage bull dog that is constantly showing his teeth, the best place is to chain him in the back yard. Some men set

their bull dog temper at the front door, and it snarls and snaps at every one who passes by. We should treat such a temper as sensible men do savage dogs—chain it in the back yard.

It is said that we are commanded to have states of mind inconsistent with cheerfulness—fear, trembling, awe, reverence. These states of mind are like fleecy islands often seen in the sky. They cast their shadows over the mountains and valleys, but no man says in consequence of them, this is not a pleasant day. Troops and cohorts of clouds march through the sky, the thunders roar, the lightning flash, the rains pour in torrents, but all nature is refreshed by it. The flowers are more beautiful and fragrant, the birds sing, every tree rejoices, and the air is purified, but who wants thunder showers every day?

The abiding state is sunshine; the other the occasional state. Thus overwhelming sorrows sometimes come, and the spirit bends before them. The heart bleeds and weep, but these storms sweeten the spirit, humble the pride of the heart, awaken the sympathies and purify the affections. These are the exceptions in the Christian's life. Sunshine and gladness is the abiding state.

Some think that the Christian should always be solemn and gloomy. This is a mistaken idea and has done infinite harm to the religion of Christ. God loves cheerfulness, and there is nothing in Christianity to make men gloomy. What can be more cheerful than the idea it gives us that God is our Father; that he loves us with an everlasting love; that he is long suffering kindness and desires the salvation of all men; that Christ sympathizes with us in all our sorrows; that the grave is the ante-chamber to a house not made with hands eternal in Heaven.

It is said that cheerfulness tends to levity. This is a mistake. Levity is not the temptation of most men. Solemnity breeds ten evils where cheerfulness begets one. Solemnity is not commanded; it is not the antithesis of cheerfulness. The solemn man wears a yard long face, and is in an awful responsible state.

Joy is like a belfry with a chime of bells in it. It is constantly ringing out its sweet music. A cheerful, joyous, spiritual, one is like an angel in the house.

Some men are naturally gay, others serious. Seriousness is not incompatible with cheerfulness. It is not those who laugh the most who are the most cheerful and happy. Some are naturally sober, but are radiant inside. Some persons are like open fire-places, others like box stoves, you know that because you can feel it.

It is often said that Christ wept, but never smiled. This is not found in the scriptures, and I do not believe it. If it be true the key to his character is in this passage. *2 Cor. 8:9.*

Cheerfulness is not rendered impossible by sickness, and other trials. Sickness often makes persons exacting, tyrannical; but it is no reason why they should be infernal. It is a time to be specially watchful, for it is a time of peculiar trial and temptation.

The principle cause of our wretchedness is peeping into the future, borrowing the prerogative of God. We can all bear the trials of to-day, and most of them can be cheerful under them. It is what we fear is coming to-morrow that makes us miserable. Troubles that God does not touch are like the storm clouds, dark and terrible; but those he illuminates are like the clouds around the setting sun streaked with golden light.

Our Saviour has given us the keys to a cheerful spirit. *Matt. 6:24-34.* A faithful discharge of the duties of to-day, and a humble trust in God will bring cheerfulness of spirit.

We brood over our sorrows. We look too much to the dark side of the picture. Our sorrows may be great, but we are not left without consolation in them. Your property may all be swept away, and you may be left penniless; but you should not despair. God lives and in him are eternal riches. Your principle happiness did not come from your farms or money; but from the society of your family and communion with God.

The greatest of losses is the loss of friends; but even in this we should be cheerful. When we remember our children and friends we have laid away in the cold grave, we think of them as we last saw them. Our thoughts instinctively turn to the lonely grave; but they are not there. We should think of them as they are, immortal spirits in Heaven. The last tear wiped away by the kind hand of the Saviour, and death swallowed up in life. Faith sees them in the likeness of the Redeemer, the companion of angels, singing anthems of praise to God and the Lamb. How cheerful the thought! These departed friends would not have us weep for them in the gloom of despair. Children, you who weep for your departed mother, do you think if she could speak to you that she would tell you to weep for her in sadness and despair. O no. "Her language would be, "Weep not for me. I am happy in the Saviour's love, and the society of angels. Suffering and sorrow come not to this favored clime. Here the flowers bloom in unfading beauty, and our songs are unmixed with sorrows. Be faithful and this shall soon be your home."

We may be cheerful even while we weep. There may be a spirit of cheerfulness even in tears—the cheerfulness of faith and hope. *Rom. 5:3.*

The Christian may be cheerful even in death. It is a solemn thing to die, but the angels of faith and hope say to the Christian in that hour, "Be of good cheer. The Heaven of rest is just ahead. The angels are waiting for you. The heavenly pilot will soon conduct you safe into port, and land you on the sunny shores of eternal deliverance." You have all witnessed the peaceful death of the Christian. How sweet it was to visit that quiet room where the noise of the world was shut out, and Heaven was shut in.

The Religious Newspaper.

ITS IMPORTANCE.

The minister who fails to use the religious newspaper as an assistant in his great work opens the gate for the entrance of the enemy, and thus invites defeat and disaster to his cause. Look at the enemy, scattering his mind-polluting and soul-destroying literature with a lavish hand; and by the million pages. The land is literally being flooded with a pernicious literature; and if the minds of our people are not imbued with a pure literature, they will soon be filled with that which is evil. No force is so potent to stay this volume of evil literature as the ministers in charge of our circuits and stations, and upon no other class of people does a heavier responsibility rest.

When we look at the state of things as they really exist to-day in regard to our church literature and the Godless literature that teems and swarms about us, we are impressed with this question, Would such a condition of affairs have been possible if the church had been awake to her duty in this important matter? It looks as if the church had permitted the enemy to go ahead, and thus given him the opportunity to take possession of the minds and hearts of our people, and he has not been slow to seize that opportunity. How long will it be before the church will learn from her Lord those lessons of wakefulness and watchfulness which are essential to her life and indispensable to her progress? Jesus said, "While men slept, an enemy came and sowed the tares." While the church is sleeping, the enemy ever wakeful and diligent, is sowing the land down in Christless and Godless literature. The seeds are springing up all around us, and the fruits are ripening; and whether we will or will not, our souls are tasting their bitterness. All about us we see restlessness at the restraints of law—human law and divine law. The moral code is relegated to the limbo of a long past barbarism, the Sabbath is ignored, human life is no longer looked upon as a sacred thing, blatant infidelity stalks about flaunting defiance against everything good and pure, and red-handed anarchy, with torch and dynamite, is getting ready to shiver the social fabric to atoms? These are the fruits of the seed sown in the Master's heritage while the church has been sleeping.

The question now is, How shall we stop this terrible growth of evil? The first thing to do is to listen to the admonition of Infinite Wisdom, "Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." But do we "know the time?" Do we know that in every town and hamlet, in every community and neighborhood, in every social circle in this broad land, by every day and by night, the enemy of God and man is persistently watchful and continuously busy in sowing

his tares? Do we know that this malicious enemy is going about everywhere, poisoning the minds of the young, and pouring the deadly virus of infidelity into the hearts of the middleaged, and withering, with the hot breath of hell, the last hope of the old? Do we know that the fruits of the pernicious literature confront the government to-day with problems of such magnitude and such far-reaching consequences that the wisest and boldest statesman in church and State stand appalled before them? What the church needs to do is to wake up to the real state of things. The alarm which the preachers ought to sound through the church to-day, like the blast of a trumpet calling to arms, is, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" And what the church needs to do is to go to work "with might and main" and money to counteract these dreadful influences. Let every man and woman turn out and diligently sow the seeds of pure literature in the virgin soil of our young people's hearts, and in the rich loam of manly and womanly minds about us. Not a sickly, sentimental literature but a literature worthy of the church; a literature which "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" will not be ashamed to take along with its co-adjutor; a literature which the Holy Ghost can and will use for the advancement of the kingdom of righteousness among men! We can have it if we will!

This is the third installment of the exhortation to the preachers—the leaders in church life—to arouse themselves to stay the threatening evils issuing from a godless press by interposing the blessings of religious literature.—*New Orleans Advocate*.

Sun Rise Gleams.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

If you have utterly lost heart, quit the field, but don't make the hearts of your brethren to faint. If you cannot conscientiously encourage your brother men, stand aside. We want no funeral dirges in a hand-to-hand battle.—*Christian Standard*.

Sympathy is one of the most vital forces of Christianity. 'Cold men seldom win. To reach a human soul in darkness and lift him up into the light, we must be touched deeply with a sense of that soul's danger and need. Heart power is real power.—*Ex.*

In the work of sanctification upon the heart, there appear to be two distinct operations; one is to empty the soul of sin and everything offensive; and another is to fill it with love. 1. The strong man, armed, is bound and cast out. 2. The stronger takes possession. God was pleased, however, in my case, to empty and fill in the same moment.—*Dr. Wilbur Fish*.

Keep the church at work and you will have a harmonious, happy people. Spurgeon says: "When a dog is idle and isn't noticed, he doesn't like it; but when the dog is after a fox, he doesn't care whether he is noticed or not." Spurgeon didn't mean to offend the aesthetic taste of Christians by comparing them to dogs, but really there is a good deal of the animal about the most of us.—*Christian Herald*.

No one will be able to find any work adapted to himself who cannot in large measure adapt himself to his work. Persons who wait to find something that "just suits" them before they go, earnestly to work are never likely to be just suited to any form of useful employment. It is the forcing of one's self into the general outline of any mold which God has ordered for him, than develops in one that quality of metal that is necessary for his life-uses. The great pianist-composer, Liszt, said of the eminent violinist, Wilhelmy, that he was "so thoroughly adapted to the violin that were the instrument not at hand we should have to invent it for him." Not in any degree could or would the violinist alter the shape of the instrument to suit his seeming physical needs while he was a learner, and yet the adaptability of the master is so great that he seems to be the mold into which his instrument is cast, rather than that the instrument is the mold into which he has been cast. Has God put an instrument into your hands? Make yourself superior to it by making it seem to have been made to suit you, rather than you to suit it.—*Sunday School Times*.

A young lady called to see a friend who was ill, and on leaving, one of the children, a sweet intelligent little girl, took her down stairs. She was her own especial favorite and pet, and yet, being naturally of an extremely reserved disposition, she had never spoken one word to her on the subject of religion. Looking down into the thoughtful loving eyes, under a sudden impulse, she asked the question: "Maude, my darling, do you love Jesus?"

To her astonishment, the child stopped abruptly, and drawing her into a room which they were passing, she shut the door and clinging closely to her, burst into a flood of tears. Looking up at last with a glad, happy face, she said "Miss Alice, I have been praying for six months that you would speak to me of Jesus, and now you have! Every time I have been to your house I hoped you would say something and I was beginning to think you never would."

It was a keen reproach to her friend, and one that she never forgot.

Little Maud is now an earnest young soldier in Christ's army. No one who knows her doubts the reality of her religion, and certainly it gives her character an attractive grace which nothing else could give.

How many poor, sad, seeking souls like little Maud wonder why Christians never speak of the things nearest their hearts! O Christians, why do you neglect to let your light shine, and guide those weary wanderers home to God?—*Selected*.

In Memoriam.

* HOWELL RICHARD MOSS.

He was kind and loving, and always true
In all his ways of life,
And all who knew him knew him to be
Just as I've stated to you

But he sleeps now in the cemetery
Where the flowers are ever in bloom;
The cemetery belongs to the Church of God,
Not far from the dear old home.

He shall sleep till God shall call him
To dwell with him above.
He has prepared a resting place
For all who trust and love.

When we leave this world of trouble
And enter our Master's fold,
There will never be any parting
While eternal ages roll.

But 'tis sad to know the sting of death
Must come to every one;
That God hath made and put on earth
And none of us can shun.

But be you also ready
And n't afraid to die,
For God has promised all who trust,
A resting place on high.

And if you follow His commands
A crown of life you'll wear,
And in the final judgment day
It is Him who saves you there.

R. A. T.

*Who fell dead in his house May 11th, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m., in the 71st year of his age. He was born and lived his entire life in Warren county, N. C. He was a member of the M. E. church and a good Christian; he was held in the highest esteem by the community in which he lived because of the cleanliness of his life, the purity of his heart. As a farmer and in a financial sense he was a success. His ear was ever open to the cry of the poor and distressed, and was never so happy as when he could make others happy, especially the children. He always had a pleasant word for every one of them, and they loved him. He was a great peacemaker among his neighbors. He was married twice. His wives were devout Christian ladies. The last one that lingers behind is a noble Christian, kind, benevolent, in all her ways. Loving all and loved by all who knew him. No wonder his death has cast a deep gloom upon the hearts of his family and friends. May the everlasting arms of God sustain the bereaved ones under this sorrow that has fallen so heavily upon their hearts. If any of his children or grand children are not prepared to meet death may they be constrained to get ready to go when the summons come.

R. A. T.

Keats, Va.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a called meeting of the church at Johnson Grove, Southampton Co., Va., held May the 3d, 1891. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions concerning the death of Bro. Pettaway Johnson. The committee reported the following:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us, Bro. Pettaway, Johnson, one of the oldest member's of our church.

Resolved, That this church has lost one of its best members, as well as one of its strongest helps. Bro. Johnson, was born April 6th, 1821, and was happily married in February, 1849. Both he and his wife were active members of the church at Johnson's Grove for many years. He died May 1st, 1891. He leaves a devoted and affectionate wife, besides many friends to Moran the loss of a kind and devoted husband, a true friend and a faithful Christian worker—in fact he was all that could be said of a Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That we as a church extend our most heart-felt sympathies and best wishes to his bereaved wife. May God in his infinite wisdom help and comfort her in her bereavement. God help us to prepare to meet him on the other shore where death will not separate us from our friends and loved ones.

"Brother thou art gone to rest:
We will not weep for that;
For thou art where oft on earth;
Thy spirit longed to be:

"Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er,
And sorrow, pain and suffering now,
Shall ne'er distress the more,

"Brother, thou art gone to rest.
And this shall be our prayers,
That when we reach our journey's end
Thy glory we may share,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the CHRISTIAN SUN, for publication, and a copy be placed on the church record, and a copy be sent to his wife.

JAS. P. DAVIS,
W. H. JOYNER,
ALEX. BRADSHAW,
JAMES BUTLER,
EMMA BUTLER,
Committee.

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the members of Providence Christian church, Norfolk Co., Va., held Sunday afternoon, May 17, 1891. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from the labors of earth, our beloved brother, Rev. R. A. Ricks, whose sudden death has saddened the heart of his many devoted friends at Providence church, Norfolk Co., Va., where he had for three years labored earnestly for the Master and—

Whereas, We desire to give expression to our feelings of love and esteem therefore be it—

Resolved, That we, the members and friends of Providence church, fully recognize in Rev. R. A. Ricks, a man of a lofty Christian character, a talented and efficient minister of the Gospel, a sound reasoner and a deep thinker.

Resolved, That in his death, the Christian church has lost one of its strong advocates and able supports and while we deeply

deplore his loss, we bow in humble submission to Him, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved and heart-stricken family, our deepest sympathy in their sad affliction and commend them to look to his God and their Saviour; the only healer, when the heart hath bled. He has said, he would not leave them comfortless.

The Christian's eye wept that in life's brightest bloom.
One gifted so highly, should sink to the tomb
For in ardour, he led the van of the host,
He fell like a soldier, he died at his post."

Resolved, That these expressions be placed on our church record and a copy of them be sent to the CHRISTIAN SUN for publication.

F. L. PORTLOCK,
P. H. GIBSON,
R. A. HYSLOP,
W. B. WILLIAMS,
B. F. GIBSON.
Committee.

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan."

News from the Virginia Valley.

DEAR BROTHER BARRETT:—I deeply sympathize with you in your illness; and shall pray the Lord to raise you up and speedily restore you to your health again.

None but those who have been taught by actual experience what a misfortune it is to lose the health, can properly estimate its value. Having been a great sufferer for many years. I can enter fully into the experience of others who are similarly afflicted; and yet I believe some of us need this rod to bring us back. David said—“Before I was afflicted I went astray.”

We are getting pretty well through with the 3d quarter's work. Had but a small conference at Bethlehem on the 3d Sunday, but perfect harmony existed in the business of the session. The deacons report some that are getting disorderly, and announced their determination to call them to account. May they remember that it is the “little foxes that spoil the vine.”

Sabbath morning we had a very large audience, who listened with close attention to the lesson from the words. “What doth hinder me.” I have since been requested to give the outline of the discourse, and will comply if you desire it. There was no effort made at doctrinal preaching but the subject of hindrances was the theme. After the sermon a goodly number of God's children gathered around their Master's table, and feasted on the “hidden manna.” One incident that invested this part of the service with more than usual solemnity was the word brought me, by Bro.

Sipe, of Linville, that Mother Kingree was dead and that I was expected to preach her funeral on the following day. In the afternoon at 3 P.M., we met at the water near Bro. J. S. Martz's house, where two brothers and two sisters followed their Savior's footsteps and in imitation of his example, were buried beneath the yielding waters to arise, we trust, to walk in newness of life. From here we had a long lonesome walk across the country to reach the last appointment for the day at the Plains, here we met another crowded house to whom we tried to talk about "God's family," here we also had a communion season; but with our pulpit work over the labors of the day did not end, but a long chilly ride in company with Bro. Richard Donovan brought me at 11:55 P. M., to my stopping place for the night, the kind and pleasant home of Father and Mother Hillard. I wish sometimes that I could express the pleasure I feel in being entertained in homes where you are made to feel not by words, but by the very spirit of the entertainment that you are welcome.

A few hours of sleep and with the sun we are up and although the limbs may be stiff and head may ache yet duty presses, and onward we must go. Bro. Donovan again laid me under a great debt to him by taking me nearly to the station at Broadway; where we arrived in time to see a vast crowd in waiting for the "local" as it is called. This being County Court day it appeared to me as though nearly everybody was going; finally the train came and all scrambling for seats and oh such a revelation of character as an observant traveler will see when on a crowded passenger train. But all things earthly will end and so did our car ride. I reached Linville at 11:45 to find the congregation assembled and waiting. Assisted by Bro. Benj. Miller of the Dunkard church (who closed the service with prayer and accompanied the corpse to Antioch) I did the best I could to comfort the mourning ones with the promises of God's word.

So another Sabbath of labor is ended and now I have but one more to labor in this quarter; if life be spared. But before I close the present communication I wish to correct an impression that has been formed by some of my friends.

At each of my quartely meetings for the third quarter I have notified the congregation that I could not serve them another year, owing to amount of work necessary to be done to secure a living compensation. I wish them to have time for consideration, consultation, correspondence and so that if they can find any one who will do the same amount of work that I have they can secure him. Or if not able to do so much work perhaps can manage to get along on less salary than I can.

This valley offers a fine field for a young man, (single if possible) who can devote himself to the three organizations. To the right man they will pay probably \$300 — not more I think. I love the work, the people, the beautiful valley, but I love my wife and children also, and must seek a charge that will allow my moving my family, into the work.

The limited salary I am now receiving has prevented my making a visit to my family since last August; but when the eyes of my friends rest upon these lines I hope to be at home enjoying their society for two weeks at least.

I add a closing word. If our dear Bro. M. L. Hurly will not go to Alabama as an evangelist, for the coming year. I would be glad to hear from some of our brethren there. I have felt for years that I ought to be in the evangelistic work rather than the pastoral. During the past nine months there have been 153 professions in my pastorate.

May the Holy Spirit lead us all in the way of holiness and at last bring us together in Heaven is the earnest prayer of your brother in Christ.

D. A. BARNEY.

New England Matters.

The Maine legislature at its last session, increased the stringency of the prohibitory law. They have prohibition in the constitution, and the prohibition sentiment in the State, is very strong, and has been, for many years. But there has always been liquor sold in violation of law, in the larger towns in the State. The large hotels could afford to pay several fines in a year. Last winter, the legislature, by an overwhelming majority, made the penalty for single sale, one hundred dollars; and imprisonment sixty days. The law went into effect the 3d inst. In the Portland hotel, the "bar" were removed the day before the law went into effect. Those gentlemen in broadcloth, don't want to be imprisoned with "Tom McCarty" and "Pat Flinigan." Fines didn't frighten them much, but they feared the prison! The law makes it very easy convicting a man now. The payment of United States tax is proof sufficient that a man is a rum-seller, in case of "search." If bottles are thrown away and contents spilled, the broken bottles with the order of alcohol is proof sufficient. The large boarding houses, and summer hotels at Bar Harbor — where several thousand people congregate every summer — are obliged to go "dry." The proprietors have sent a "circular" to their patrons, notifying them, that no wine, or liquors of any kind will be furnished during the "season," and that they must furnish their own liquor. That's good! The officers of the law, are doing more thorough

work in that State than ever before. The law, has been a great blessing to Maine. I was born in that State, and lived there sixty years, and know something of its good effects. There has not been a distillery or brewery in Maine for many years! Hon. Neal Dow, the "father of the Maine law," is nearly 60 years old. He is very active and wide awake in the cause of temperance. He is "a grand old man," and has been the means of greater good to the State, than any other man living. God bless the earnest temperance workers. I am glad to see the SUN take such a bold stand for the prohibition of the liquor traffic! I hope the Lord may give the editor health, strength, and continued zeal and activity for many years!

H. M. EATON.
Walpole, N. H. May, 1891.

From Holland.

We are getting along with our house at Holland as well as circumstances will permit. We shall probably have all the wood work done in two or three weeks and hope to complete it before we stop work. We are expecting to have it ready for dedication, nothing preventing, by the last of July or first of August when we want to commence a protracted meeting.

It was my privilege to be at Mt Carmel the 1st Sunday in this month, expecting to hear our aged brother, Rev. S. S. Barrett, preach once more. But an account of affliction or some other disappointment he was not there. We were not wholly disappointed however as Rev. Jacob. A. Johnson, a good Baptist brother, had been invited to substitute Bro. Barrett's place in case of his failing to be present. Bro. Johnson is a worthy young brother and gave us a good practical sermon which was listened to by a large, appreciative congregation.

Mt. Carmel is mourning over the loss of their pastor to whom they were much attached. His pastorate had been long and naturally pleasant and satisfactory. Being on my way to Isle of Whight Court house, I took dinner with Bro. I. W. Duck, and there spent my time very pleasantly with the family till next day. Bro. Duck's love for his church is unabated and he is still a zealous worker and a generous giver to the cause. May he live many years to do good in the service of the Master.

According to previous engagement I filled Bro. Kitchen's appointment for him at Eures, Yates Co., N. C., last Sunday. The congregation was large and seemed to enjoy the services. Here I met Bro. J. Lassiter, an old verteran in the cause, a member of Damascus church, same county. I was certainly glad to meet him, as we have been friends so long, and I had spent so many pleasant hours with him and his kind family at their home, when I preached at Damascus. I also met Bro. Butler from Damascus. The neighborhood of Eures seems to be a fine field for an active minister. The congregation there is composed of many intelligent looking young people. Bro. Kitchen is much beloved by the church and congregation.

R. H. HOLLAND

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, MAY 28. 1891.

REV. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D., Editor.

FIELD NOTES.

Please renew your subscription.

†††

Special rates over the Richmond & Danville railroad to Elon College during the Commencement. See last page of this issue.

†††

The services of God is the grandest employment of mortals, or of angels. How strange that we so neglect it! Think of it and improve!

†††

Let not the missionary spirit languish—it is the hope of the usefulness of the church. Watch it—cultivate it—strive to keep it by prayer and work.

†††

We would say for the information of those wishing to attend Elon College Commencement, that they will find accommodations at Capt. W. Smith's hotel. It is a new building and is well furnished and can accommodate twenty-five or thirty guests.

†††

Do try to be punctual in attending every service of your church, your presence will add to the interest of the meeting and the Lord's presence will add to your spiritual joy. We must grow in grace, but we can not do this by neglecting God's worship.

†††

Elon College commencement June 2 and 3. A large attendance is expected. Dr. Jones preaches the sermon. Judge Womack delivers the literary address. The first graduating class will receive their honors and deliver their addresses. The class consists of Mr. Herbert Scholz of Wake Co., N. C. Rev. N. G. Neuman and Rev. C. C. Peel of Virginia. Reduced rates have been promised over R. & D. R. R.

†††

No District Meeting in the Eastern Virginia Conference fifth Sunday. The last Conference ordered each meeting to choose the place for the next meeting. This was not done by the last meeting, of which fact the secretary had no knowledge he being absent till about the first of May, when, on account of sickness, he was unable to attend to business. He did make an effort, even then, to secure a place for the meeting, but failed—hence no meeting, which we much regret.

PERSONALS.

KLAPP.—The ever busy brother, Rev. P. T. Klapp, expects to organize two churches and build two or three houses of worship this year. That is the work that helps to spread our principles.

STALEY.—Rev. W. W. Staley, of Suffolk, Va., expects to attend the commencement at Elon College next week, and we hope a large company of the friends of the college from his section of Virginia may come with him. A most interesting occasion is anticipated.

CARLTON.—Bro. M. J. Carlton, writing from Flint, N. C., tells of a report circulated against Ebenezer church near that place to the effect that a show of a ridiculous character was to be given at that church. Bro. C. Says there is not a word of truth in it.

MAPLE.—The Rev James Maple, D. D., of Milford, N. J., says in a private letter to the editor of this: "I like the present form of the SUN very much better than the old form. It is handier to use, and will make a nice book when bound." In this issue you will find an admirable sermon from Dr. Maple on "cheerfulness." We bespeak for it a careful reading.

LETT.—Rev M. E. Lett writing from Wise, Ala., says: "I have sold all of the copies of Facing the Truth which you sent me and had a large demand for more. I hope you or Bro. Staley, Hurley or Holt, or some one else will come to our Conference this fall to remain as there is a great demand for it. We feel that the Alabama field ought to be looked after and that soon."

In the SUN to-day will be found a very pleasant note from our much afflicted young brother, K. Thos. Crumpler, Windsor, Va., tendering his heartfelt thanks to some friends who have kindly remembered him in his afflictions. He is worthy of help from any hand—having suffered terribly for many years. May God bless him and give him many friends to cheer him and comfort him with kind attention through his long and weary days of suffering and at last give him a happy and a triumphant passage from the sorrows and sufferings of the flesh to the joys and bliss of the spirit in the "many mansions."

The Source of Spiritual Strength.

The first disciples who went everywhere preaching the Word, went in the power of love trusting in one who said, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Their inspiration was from the Holy Spirit, and if they preached Christ and him crucified, it was that the hearts of men might be quickened with love for the

Master, and that they might be animated and encouraged "to live according to God in the Spirit." It was not Christ in the garb of humanity, but the divine power with which he was inspired that filled the hearts of his disciples with faith, and made them successful in their religious work. And if we would have that power; in other words, if we would have the love of Christ burning in our hearts we must love the house and place of prayer, and, having due regard to outward forms must draw our inspiration from the same source.

D. E. MILLARD.

Portland, Mich.

Memorial Services at Burlington N. C.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—The memorial services conducted yesterday at Burlington were solemn and impressive. A large congregation was out. The Methodist church was draped in mourning, and about the pulpit and chancel were many beautiful flowers. Rev. J. H. Currie of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. A. T. Hoard of the Baptist church, were present and took part in the services. Each said many beautiful and brotherly things about our dear Bro. Ricks. I have no copy of the exercises and cannot therefore send them for publication.

Friends from Union church, from Reidsville, and from Providence were present. Truly Bro. R. A. Ricks was greatly beloved and will be greatly missed. Sister Ricks was not present, she is at her father's house in Mecklenburg Co., Va., but her friends about Burlington hold her in tender remembrance.

I remained and preached in the Methodist church again at night.

Very truly,

W. S. LONG.

Tender Words.

In a private letter from Mrs. R. P. Lewis of Albany, N. Y., dated May 6th, that most excellent Christian lady says:

We were greatly shocked and grieved to hear of the sudden death of Bro. M. B. Barrett. Verily another good man has gone to swell the ranks in glory, and thin our ranks on earth. We feel great sympathy for the afflicted family and the pastorless churches which he had served so long. How sad! So many of our preachers have passed over the river in the last two years. Bro. Barrett had his home with us when he attended the Quadrennial at Albany in 1882. We liked the spirit of the man and believe he held sound Christian principles. Oh, that we had more like him to work for Jesus. God bless the denomination is the prayer of a sister.

Mrs. R. P. LEWIS.

Another letter from another sister in an-

other section of the country written on the same day says:

Last Friday night when I broke the wrapper on the SUN and saw that dear Brother Robt. A. Ricks was dead, I was choked. He was my pastor for several years, and as a pastor I dearly loved him. Last November we parted at Bethany church. Little did I think that would be the last time! I remember so distinctly giving him my hand to say good bye, but I did not speak, for my heart was too full. He always seemed so gentle so aimable that I thought one could not help loving him. It is hard for to think of this servant of God without tears.

MRS. IDA M. VAUGHAN.

Suffolk Letter.

Little Julie, infant daughter of J C. and Annie Felton, died May 12, age five months and fourteen days. The greatest trial of their life was to part with their first born. It was like tearing out heart-strings as many parents who read these lines too well know. If a rich Christian man were to take a poor ignorant child from a vicious and godless home and train that child and make for him station, character, friends, happiness, usefulness, the parents might reluctantly part with their own, but it would be a kindness to the child and in the end to the parents; it is more than this when our Heavenly Father takes the dear little ones from us here to make of them the dear babes of Heaven.

Clarence C. Rice and Fannie Walton, were married by W. W. Staley 8 p. m. May 20, at the residence of the bride's father on North street, Suffolk. Only a few friends were present, and the happy pair with the two couples who attended them immediately left for the groom's home, in the eastern part of the town where they all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

The remains of Mrs. Mary J. Rawls, wife of Jesse Rawls, were brought here from Savannah, Ga., last Friday afternoon, and were buried from the Christian church, of which she was a member, on Saturday. They went to Savannah, in March. He brought back a little babe six weeks old. A motherless babe! The first part of this letter tells of a mother losing her babe; this tells of a babe losing its mother. But God knows what is best in both cases.

Friday was memorial day in Suffolk. The graves were beautifully decorated, the attendance very large, the exercises appropriate in prayer, address, and song, and the memory of departed loved ones revived with spring's life and beauty. Rev. G. C. Vanderslice delivered the memorial address, and the church choirs united into one and lead by Miss Florence Harvey, rendered the G. A. R. music. Both the address and music were

very good. Rev. L. H. Baldwin offered the prayer at Cedar Hill cemetery, and Rev. W. W. Staley at Willow Hill.

Mrs. T. J. Gaskins attended the funeral of Mrs. Dr. Beaumont last week and paid a short visit to friends in Suffolk.

Mrs. W. B. Wellons has spent more than a month with Mrs. Beale and other friends in Suffolk and leaves to-day for her home in Washington city. She has enjoyed herself during her stay and especially the privilege of attending the Christian church. She is among the good widows of whom I wrote a few weeks ago. She attended her church yesterday and enjoyed the services, and perhaps it was the last time the church will ever be used for Sabbath preaching as the work of taking down the old church began this morning, preparatory to the erection of the new house. Many hearts felt sad yesterday as they sat for the last time under the gospel in the old church where they had worshipped for many years.

On account of the indisposition of the pastor, Rev. H. H. Butler preached to a very large congregation last night. The sermon was an earnest and spiritual presentation of the Word which many greatly enjoyed.

Rev. Dr. Barrett, is visiting James Britain, his brother-in-law, near Suffolk; but on account of a press of duties and sickness. I have not been able to visit him. Hope that rest and retirement may recreate his body and mind.

I am on my way to my family in N. C., and from there will go to Elon next week. A few days of rest from mental toil and outdoor exercise will put me, I think, in good shape for work again. I am a rustic by nature, and must go occasionally into her sunshine and air. I love her forests and hills, her streams and vales, her bright flowers and singing choirs, her quiet evenings and expanse of stars. Nature is so big in the country that I feel myself surrounded by God. And then my loved ones dwell there and there I am at home.

W. W. STALEY.

May 25, 1891.

Elon College Notes.

Besides an account of the commencement exercises, these will doubtless be the last notes from Elon College for this term. Our examinations close Friday next—May 29, and then our work for the term is over. Commencement next week and then we say "good-bye," for a few weeks at least. Two young ladies ("chums," I believe they call each other) were seen shedding tears the other day, and on being asked what was the matter, they remarked that "soon they must say 'good-bye' to one another, and to their school-mates." School days have their "ups and downs," some trials and crosses, but they are the happiest after all. There are no ties more tender, no friends dearer to us than those formed during our school days, "chums," room-mates and class-mates live in our memory. I saw a statement a few days since, from a distinguished writer that ran something like this: Class-mates and friends at school had almost as much influence in moulding the character and shaping the destiny of students as did teachers and text

books. How careful then should students be in selecting their school companions and associates. But we must all say to one another "good-bye." The dearest of friends must part, all the crosses and trials of the past session will be laid aside and only the pleasant things will be remembered. This is right and we should be thankful that we are so constituted. We should all try to forget as soon as possible the errors and mistakes of others and let our minds only reflect upon what of good we see in our fellow creatures. "If thy brother sin against thee forgive him." And we are all, to a greater or less degree, our brother's keeper, and no class of people recognize this sooner than school and class-mates. The little wrongs will all be wrapped up in the many pleasant words, kind deeds and merry laugh and thus be obscured forever.

Dr. Long went to Burlington, Sunday, to conduct the funeral services held in memory of Bro. Ricks. He reported a very large attendance. The people at Burlington loved Bro. Ricks, and they turned out en masse to pay this last sad tribute of respect.

Rev. C. C. Peel, preached for us at the college Sunday morning. At night instead of the regular prayer-meeting service the Y. M. C. A. held a missionary meeting, which was very interesting and much enjoyed. The program was short, but well executed. Mr. W. P. Lawrence read an essay on the "Origin of Missions." Miss Irene Johnson read one on "The thoughts on the subject of Missions." Mr. Elijah Moffitt, "Duties and Privileges of Missions." Miss Vallie Page of Morrisville, treated "China as a Mission Field." Mr. S. E. Everett, "Missions"—dwelling especially on India and China.

We wish the readers of the SUN had an out-line of these facts and figures contained in these essays—but time and space forbid just now. Miss Page's essay was especially interesting and instructive, and not a few eyes were filled with tears when she closed. She is just back from Birmingham, Ala., where she attended the Southern Baptist Convention, and has been commissioned for the foreign field of China whither she expects to start September next as a teacher among the heathens. Oh! that God would put it into the hearts of more of his people to send or go and carry the blessed truths of the gospel to those benighted souls.

We hope to see many of our friends at the commencement next week. If any desire to come and have not received a ticket, don't hesitate on that account. You will receive a hearty welcome just the same. Come, and all will do the best they can to make you enjoy yourself. If accommodations and surroundings are not such as to suit you, remember you won't have to put up with them but a few days, and that is the best that could be done under the circumstances. With best wishes for a merry vacation to all, both readers and students, we close our college notes for the term.

J. O. ATKINSON.
Elon College N. C., May 25, 1891.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—It does begin to look as if you cannot get rid of me, don't it. Well, anyway let us do all we can for the Corner and the BAND. Uncle Barry, together with Aunt Minnie and little Addie are in Virginia this week expecting to be helped by the trip. I know they will be pleased with the Corner this week. Why can't you always have it filled up like this? Do try.

Cordially,

UNCLE TANGLE.

CORAPEAKE, N. C., May 15, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I will try to write you a letter with my own hand it will not be done well but I hope you will excuse me as this is the first letter I have ever written by myself, I hope to do better sometime. I go to Sunday school. I think it so nice to go. I hope you are well by this time. Papa is very sick, I pray he will soon be well again. I will close with love to you and the cousins.

Your little nephew,

ALEX. R. BRINKLEY.

Well done, Alex., your letter don't need to be excused; it is good. Write as often as you can.

CORAPEAKE, N. C., May 14, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As I have not anything to do I will write to you. My papa, has been very ill but I am glad to say he is better now. I have had bad luck with my chickens. I haven't but four, and they are nearly large enough to sell. Our school is out now. I am sorry for it because I love to go. I will answer Diana Brinkley's question: Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. Am I correct. I will close with love to Aunt Minnie, little Addie, you and the dear cousins. I haven't any money this time, but I hope I will have some the next time.

Good by, etc.,

HATTIE BRINKLEY.

Don't be discouraged if you did have bad luck this time. Next time your chickens may surprise you. Your answer is correct. Hope you will write often.

CORAPEAKE, N. C., May 19, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I am sick today and not able to work, I will try to write, but am very weak. Nearly two weeks ago, while out ploughing, the horse took fright and ran away cutting herself badly, but am glad to say is better now. I was so scared I could not talk for awhile, but it will learn me to be more careful hereafter. I hope to see many nice letters next week for I love so much to read them. I do hope you are well ere this. I haven't any money this time. I will close with love to you and the cousins

SAMMIE BRINKLEY.

We are sorry you are sick, Sammie, but while you are sick will be a good time to study your Bible as you have more time than while you are well and at work. We hope, though, that you devote a part of each day to reading and studying it all the time.

Loco, Sussex Co., Va., May 19, 1891.
DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As sister has written a letter to the Corner, I will write too; thinking you would not object to hear from me. I am a little boy eleven years old, I go to every-day school and to Sunday school. I like my teachers very well. I am sorry you are sick. I do hope you will soon be well again. Enclosed you will find a half dime for the BAND, hope it may do some good. Come to see us Uncle Barry and bring Aunt Minnie and sweet little Addie. I will close for fear my first letter will find its way to the waste basket. I am sleepy, good night. Much love to you and all the cousins.

I am fondly, your little nephew,

ASA DAVIS.

That is right, Asa, we are glad to hear from you and glad, too, that you love to go to school. Study to be good as well learned and yours will be a happy life.

Loco, Va., May 19, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As my last letter appeared in the SUN it encourages me to write again. I am glad to hear that you are still improving. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, it is a Methodist church, there's no Christian church near here. I like to go to Sunday school and know my lessons well. I have a good teacher. I am glad to see so many nice letters in the SUN, I hope it will continue, for I love to read them dearly. I will close with much love to you, Aunt Minnie and the little cousins.

Your niece,

MOLLIE K. DAVIS.

Mollie, I hope you will write often for us, and in that way help to make the Corner more interesting. We are glad you love the Sunday school and especially that you love to have good lessons. You know the Bible says, "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life."

EVISTON, Fla., May 14, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—It made me very sorry to hear that you was sick, I hope that you will soon be better, and God will spare you to us children many years. Oh, the flowers are so pretty here now, the magnolias and cape jessamine, are in bloom. The woods are full of magnolia trees, and there is not a yard without cape jessamines, and we have two trees of oleander, they grow as large as trees here. I live in the center of an orange grove and there is quite a number of groves around Eviston. I will write to you again soon. Enclosed you will find a dime for the BAND, I hope it will do some good. Will some little cousin tell me which was the greatest miracle our Saviour performed

Your loving niece,

RUBY M. JONES.

Yes Ruby, we all hope and pray, too, that Uncle Barry will soon regain his usual good health. How we should thank God for the health we enjoy and the enjoyment we have in seeing the many beautiful things he has prepared for us. Never forget to thank God for what you have.

WINDSOR, Va., May 15, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—How happy I was to see so many nice letters in our Corner

this week. It is very encouraging to see that the cousins are taking more interest in their work as the spring days advance. I am very sorry that Uncle Barry has been so ill, but oh, so glad to know that he is much better. How sad to think of Revs. Mr. Barrett, and Ricks' sudden death. They are numbered with us no more, but their names will ever be cherished by their many friends, and their work will point others upward to Christ. They died at their post of duty, and cousins, let us so strive to live that when the angel of death comes we may be prepared. Though we are quite young, we may not have much longer to live here. The young quite often pass away ne'er to be seen again. We have no time to lose in idle singing, but must improve ever moment.

"We are but minutes little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
As we fly around on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes.
We are but minutes use us well,
For as we are used we must one day tell,
Who uses minutes has hours to use,
Who loses minutes whole years must lose."

I will answer Mary McCauley's question. Job's three friends sat with him for seven days and nights without speaking. I send 10 cents to the BAND. With love for the cousins, Aunt Minnie, Uncle Barry and little Addie, and best wishes for the BAND.

I am lovingly,

PATTIE NEWMAN.

Pattie is a faithful member of the BAND, and like her the cousins are all glad to see the Corner well filled. We are confident she is a good Christian girl, or she could not always write such nice and encouraging letters.

IN HIS NAME.

The Convention of the King's Daughters in Raleigh.

At the meeting of the King's Daughters in this city recently among other matters of interest the following addresses were delivered

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY MRS. J. L. FOSTER.

MY DEAR SISTERS: In behalf of the King's Daughters of Raleigh I wish this morning to extend to you a hearty welcome. We have been looking forward to and making preparations for this convention for some time, and now as our exercises are just beginning, we know that many anxious hearts are being raised in prayer to our Heavenly Father for the success of this meeting. We always feel that it is a grand thing to be a King's Daughter, but especially do our hearts this morning leap with gladness at this thought. What a grand thing it is to know that here we may meet as friend with friend, casting aside all thought of denominationalism we come feeling that we are Daughters of the King and striving to do all the good we can. I. H. N. Perhaps it may be but little, but we should ever remember it is not what we do, but how we do it, that God looks at.

Is it much or is it little,
God has given you to do?
Is it what you would have chosen?
Never mind, 'tis best for you,
And, whate'er it may be do it
Bravely, gladly, in God's sight,
Don't forget He always sees you,
Do it then, with all your might.
Never mind though it be only
Some poor, simple daily task;
To God's glory you can do it—
Higher aim you could not ask

And, remember every action
 Though by man unseen, unknown
 Will not be by God forgotten,
 When you stand before His throne,
 Whatsoever? 'tis not only
 Mighty deeds of world-wide fame
 Earning for us earthly glory
 And a widely honored name.
 But 'tis every little action,
 Though you think it matters not,
 In God's book it will be written
 Clearly, plainly, without blot.
 Then let's try to do our utmost,
 That our work may bear the light,
 And whatever God sees before us,
 Strive to do it with our might.
 —Our Society Journal.

And now, to my kind friend which came such a distance to tell us of the noble work, to our worthy State Secretary and all visiting delegates, I again extend to you a hearty welcome, praying that your stay among us may be both pleasant and profitable.

RESPONSE, BY MISS CLARA ALBRIGHT.

As children of one happy household gather about the same bright hearthstone, rejoicing in the same sweet parental love, so dear sisters of the Silver Cross, we have come together to-day as children of the same royal household, heirs according to the promises of the same glorious redemption. We are gathered together "In His Name," therefore we rejoice in the assurance of His presence. In His royal law we have found the guidance for our life work—we have learned that through Christ, who strengtheneth us, we can do all things and so, with the prayer "Thy kingdom come," upon our lips, and in our hearts an earnest desire to work as we pray for the coming of that kingdom; we count it, in truth a precious privilege, once more to clasp hands in the Master's service, once more to look upon the earnest faces which greeted us last year in Greensboro, and now in the very beginning of our happy reunion, to unite all hearts in warmest thanks for this sweet and gracious welcome—a welcome well worthy of the people who so generously extend it. Raleigh's greeting to the young womanhood of North Carolina, falls indeed, as naturally upon our ears as the welcoming of children to a beloved home-stead. For our capital city, long noted as the home of brave men and queenly women, we all feel just pride and affection. Her sturdy oaks are not more grand and enduring than the sterling manhood of her sons. While the lessons of St. Mary and the "Voices of Peace" have told in all Carolina's fair borders, the gracious sweetness, the Christian culture, and the noble purpose of Raleigh's daughters. All through this year our scattered band have been trying to learn the daily lessons of Christian ministry, lessons always new, always rich and blessed to the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus.

We have gladly come at your bidding to study anew the great King's plan for another year's sisterhood of service. We want the sympathy of all loving hearts for the work of all. We want our hearts cheered and our work lightened by the tender words of those who fearing the Lord, speak often one to another."

Dear friends of Raleigh, we were grateful for your invitation, because we know that to all your hearts the cause of the Silver Cross was dear, and truly we are come together "with our hearts inditing a good matter," for we would speak of the things touching the King. "We would be," so near in heart to the Master, so eager to follow His call,

That we would spend our lives in His service sweet, and only in death would rest at His feet.

For the King's sake we gladly accept your royal hospitality. "In His Name" we give you warmest thanks for the open doors, for the gentle courtesies and the eloquent words, through which we have felt your cordial welcome.

MISS CARTER'S ADDRESS.

Miss Bettie Carter, State Secretary, then addressed the Convention as follows:

MY SISTERS: In His Name I greet you most cordially and sincerely! We meet again after 12 months of varied effort and experience, to look over the King's harvest-fields, to count his laborers, to take notice of his gleaners, to measure over ingatherings, (to restore, if possible, waste places, and to plant fresh vineyards,) to report our failures and success, to gather courage and strength for the future, to build each other up in the principles of the gospel of peace. Before we look abroad, let us look within our own hearts. What have we done for ourselves? Have we kept us unspotted from the world? Have we barred our hearts against selfishness and pride, and envy and jealousy. Have we opened them to love, truth, mercy and compassion? Have we invited our King and Master to sup with us, and be our perpetual guest? Have we committed our souls to Him as to a faithful High Priest, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities? Oh! if we had failed in these, we had failed in the first requisite of our Order—"to be all glorious within!"

With what eyes have we looked out! Have we seen the footseps of the King in the lowly places and among the poor and needy, or have we looked so high that we have seen only the glory of our position and ignored its humble duties? We find Him within palace doors only once at His trail! Lifted up, only upon the Cross! He is our exemplar Can we do better than imitate Him?

Our year's work is ended. It has not been as fruitful in results as we desired, but the field was new, the facilities for successful work few and meagre, and the majority if not all of the Order taxed with other and more imperative duties. The reports from the Circles will show what has been accomplished in each field. I beg each one of you to note carefully what others have done. This Convention is a school in which all are teachers and pupils, we both learn and instruct, the one the other, while we are together, and increase in that wisdom which is first pure and then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, without partiality and full of good works.

My attention was directed soon after the adjournment of last year's Convention to the establishment of a school for the feeble-minded, and an urgent appeal made for our Order to undertake this work, but we had already committed ourselves to an effort in behalf of an Industrial School for the white girls of the State, and I felt that until that was accomplished we could undertake nothing else. I have to congratulate you upon the success of your effort in this direction. True, it is not in the shape we expected and desired, but there are advantages in its being connected with a Normal School, that will be more apparent after it is in operation. Its location is now a matter of imperative interest. Allow me to suggest the wisdom of our Order's taking hold of some special de-

partment, if we may be permitted to do so, and making it of superior excellence. Take this into your heart and minds for serious and earnest consideration.

Another subject has been placed before us. In the Oxford Orphan Asylum are gathered more than two hundred homeless destitute children from all parts of this State. There is great lack of certain essential comforts, conveniences and articles needful for the proper training of the children in cleanliness, neatness and refinement. I have invited Mrs. Black, the wife of the Superintendent, to meet with us and lay this matter before you. She is a true daughter and has long given her life to the King and her heart to many of the little children of this State.

There is another class that ought to claim your attention that need your prayers and help—our fallen sisters. Can we do nothing to lead these lost daughters to pure and sinless lives? The King did not scorn them—why should we? Guarded and sheltered in pure homes, we can hardly understand how any woman can be so tempted as to fall into such degradation, and yet, we know there are thousands who have gone down to the lowest plane of dissipation and sin. Take their woeful condition to the Father of all, and ask for guidance and help in finding some way to aid them in escaping from a life so hapless here and so hopeless hereafter. This is a subject especially for the Board of City Charities.

Indeed, my sisters, there is much work for you to do, outside of your own locality—and in that you will always find "the poor," who, the Lord Jehovah himself said, "should never cease out of the land," and of whom the Savior said, "Whosoever ye will, ye may do them good." This poverty is not always of a physical nature—poverty of mind and heart is often as striking and painful as destitution of food and raiment, and it is the hardest to overcome, because it does not make itself felt. She who teaches the ignorant and tries to awaken the dormant intellect to a knowledge of better things and a desire to secure them, is doing a higher work than she who only gives food and clothing. The Great Teacher, while feeding the hungry, healing the sick and restoring the sight, strength and life, taught the wonderful gospel to countless multitudes.

Time would fail me to name even the many channels that are open for your activities. I see no need for you to soil your fingers with the ballot, nor wrangle with the lawyers at the bar, nor fight for place and privilege with the law makers, be they of state or church, while the very work which Christ your King did is waiting for you, and the little children, who are of the "Kingdom of Heaven," are in your plastic hands to be molded into magistrates, kings, priests and bishops. Let me beg you to magnify your high office of motherhood, which gives you more power and brings you nearer to Christ than any other position, for he was born of a woman cradled in her arms, anointed for His burial by her hands, and first seen by her weeping eyes, and first sent to tell the glad tidings of a risen Lord. This is honor supreme and no place among men can add to it. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8th.

Religious Discussions,

Two children come to their father to settle a dispute. "Father," they say, "we have been discussing about this coal in the fire, and I say that the light of that coal comes from the coal that was in the bosom of the earth, and my brother says that the light of that coal comes from the sun. Which of us is right?" And the father says: "My dear children, you are both right. The coal comes from the bosom of the earth, but all light and all heat comes from the sun that first gave it birth." I sometimes think, when we have gotten through our theological debates here on earth, between Unitarians and Trinitarians, and go up to the great Father, and one says, "Was he the Son of man, and all of his glory human glory?" and the other says, "It cannot be; he must have been the Son of God!" the Father will answer us, "You are both right; for there is no glory of humanity that is not a glory of divinity, and there is no glory of divinity that does not find its expression in that which is glorious in man." —Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.

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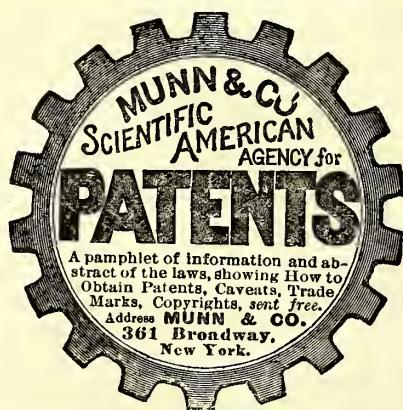
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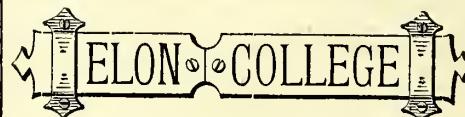
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SPECIAL SALE

BEGINNING

Wednesday, February

Our first SPECIAL SALE for 1891 will open on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, at 10 o'clock a.m., and CONTINUE ONLY TEN DAYS.

All goods left from the season, without reserve, will be reduced to prices which will not fail to move them in the very limited time allotted for this sale. We like occasionally to give those a chance who lay up hard cash until they see *Big Discounts in Prices!* To this class we promise a harvest. The fact is we have the largest ever offered by us at any previous closing out sale. We have too many goods; cannot carry them over to another season; they must be closed if desirable stuff and cut prices will accomplish this end. Many of these are staple goods, which are as seasonable for Spring as for present use.

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Black Goods of all kinds, are placed
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Towels, Napkins, Doilies, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Gents' Furnishing Goods, special job in Men's and Boy's Shirts, Carpets, Trunks and Hand-bags are all included.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

There are some goods in our cloak department which are extremely desirable. Seal Plush Jackets, Seal Plush Sacques, Cloth Jackets, Long and Short Wraps, all of which will be marked down to close.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

The best line of Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children's Shoes yet offered, in Ziegler's, Hanan's, Saller Lewin's, and many other makes will come to the front among the inducements.

The largest, most complete stock of Cambrie, Nainsook and Swiss Edgings, white Flouncings, fast-black Flouncings, Torchon Linen and Cotton Laces, and White Goods, just received, will be a side line on which special inducements will be offered during this sale.

Permit us to add that, as we conduct these sweeping-out sales at least twice each year, you are not in danger of getting old, shop-worn stock.

Promising bargains to all who honor us with their presence, we are,

Yours very truly,

BALLARD & SMITH.
SUFFOLK, VA.

How is Unfermented Wine Made?

The frequency of this question shows the development of conscience along a needed Earnie. have an answer at hand I gave Auto years ago. I do not think I can im- But on it. Even a peculiar scruple or lack of scruple in the querist may not be thrown away by the reprint:

I will give and ancient an a modern recipe. Columella, who lived during the time of Christ, gives the following recipe. (xii. c. 27, De Re Rustica):

Gather the grapes in bunches; spread them out in the sunshine for three days. On the fourth day at noon tread out the grapes while they are hot. Take the *mustum lixuum*—that is, such as should flow into the lake of must before the mass of grapes should be pressed by the beam. When it shall have cooled down, add to every fifty sextarii not exceeding an ounce of iris, well pounded. Rack off the wine by pouring it from the drags. This wine will be sweet, sound bodied, and wholesome to the body.

A church in Detroit has been using wine made by this recipe for years.

A Christian church in New Albany uses the following:

Mash the grapes, scald, squeeze and strain the juice through a flannel cloth until clear; bottle and seal while hot. Put into bottles holding sufficient for each communion. It is cheaper than ordinary wine. Eight pounds of grapes will make one gallon.

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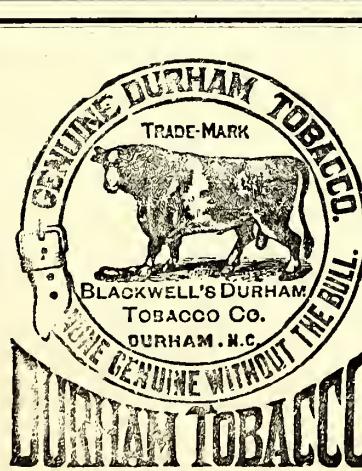
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| Ar. Salisbury, | 12 20 a m | 11 47 a m | |
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| " Asheville, | 6 26 a m | 5 13 p m | |
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| Lv. Salisbury, | a12 30 p m | a11 54 p m | |
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| " Spartanburg, | 5 32 a m | 4 12 p m | |
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| " Columbia, | 11 00 p m | 2 00 p m | |
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| Ar. Charlotte, | 5 10 a m | 6 10 p m | |
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| Leave Raleigh, 5 15 | 11 41 |
| Mill Brook, 5 39 | 12 05 |
| Wake, 6 01 | 12 26 |
| Fra. Clinton, 6 19 | 12 44 |
| Kittrell, 6 36 | 1 00 |
| Henderson, 7 14 | 1 9 |
| Warren Plains, 7 22 | 1 46 |
| Mccon, 8 0 | 2 45 p m |
| Arrive Weidom, 8 0 | |

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| 41 | 45 |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Pass. and Mail Daily ex. Sun. | Pass. Daily |
| Leave Weidom, 12 15 p m | 6 00 a m |
| Macon, 1 13 | 7 06 |
| Warren Plains, 1 30 p m | 7 15 |
| Henderson, 2 22 | 7 53 |
| Kitrell, 2 29 | 8 11 |
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| Gary, 4 19 | 9 20 |
| Merry Oaks, 4 54 | 11 28 |
| Moncure, 5 05 | 12 10 p m |
| Sanford, 5 23 | 2 10 |
| Cameron, 5 54 | 4 20 |
| Southern Pines, 6 21 | 5 35 |
| Arrive Hamlet, 7 20 p m | 8 10 p m |
| Leave " 7 40 p m | |
| " Glio 7 59 p m | |
| Arrive Gibson 8 15 p m | |

Going North.

| NO. 38 | NO. 4. |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Passenger & Mail. | Freight & Passenger |
| Leave Gibson 7 00 a m | a m |
| Leave Glio, 7 18 | |
| Arrive Hamlet, 7 28 | |
| Leave " 8 00 | 5 00 |
| Southern Pines, 8 58 | 7 40 |
| Cameron, 9 26 | 9 31 |
| Sanford, 9 52 | 10 55 |
| Moncure, 10 16 | 12 10 p m |
| Merry Oaks, 10 26 | 12 50 |
| Cary, 11 01 | 2 45 |
| Arrive Raleigh, 11 20 a m | 3 20 |

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